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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ode, for the Fourth of July.

BY [illegible]

Land of my fathers, of the Free—
The brave, the great in heart—
From ocean wave, to icy Pole,
Thy blazing flag shall ever roll—
The starry symbol of each soul,
Where liberty has part.

God bless thee—and thy manly sons;
Whose arms are ever thine;
Whose breaths are as the lightning's gleam;
Whose flashing sword shall ever stream,
With despot's blood—a ruddy beam,
Of freemen's strength, the sign.

Thy daughters too, a gentle band—
The mothers of the free;
The sinews of each manly arm;
The hearth stone's best and brightest charm—
Whose gentle ties, the heart must warm,
To love for them, and thee.

Free as the ocean's surging foam—
That breasts thy rocky shore,
Oh! be thy verdant sod my grave;
O'er which thy starry flag shall wave;
Then clouds may lower, and tempests rave,
When I shall be no more.

The Broken Heart.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold with a deep curse quivering on his lips; I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance, with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and breathes with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts that come up, like spectres from the grave, to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took my residence for a few weeks, in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadow of deep and holy memories rested like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her faint away in the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eyelids at times closing heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. The smile upon her lip was faint, the purple veins upon her neck grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in June, I wandered out with her in the open air. It was then that she first told me of the tale of her passion, and of the blight that came down like mildew upon her life,—love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away it left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have passed over my life, and the bright bud of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion, are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes with which I have held communion from childhood, and which from day to day have caught the color of my life, and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grave, where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where, at times, even now, the sweetest tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody; the pensive star in which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me on to his own bright home—every flower and rivulet, on which our early love has set his undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever.

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withering roses, and then dies as it were from very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon the wave, and then then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied. Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivity around the midnight throne, are set so far above the reach of our limited faculties—forever mocking us by their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in cold and alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean—and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams! in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the dreams that linger around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

Absence of Mind—Last Case.—A pious old lady in Connecticut recently woke up on a Saturday morning, and, fancying it Sunday, started off for church. She found every body on the way attending to their ordinary business, and was persuading herself that they were engaged in works of necessity, until she happened to spy the deacon digging in his garden, when she was instantly convinced of the error, and started back again!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

The child was closely followed by an elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse, hard beard; his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expressions of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discolored fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

There was ample time to note those particulars, for besides that they were sufficiently obvious without very close observation, some moments elapsed before any one broke silence. The child advanced timidly toward her brother and put her hand in his, the dwarf (if we may call him so) glanced keenly at all present, and the curiosity-dealer, who plainly had not expected his uncouth visitor, seemed disconcerted and embarrassed.

"Ah!" said the dwarf, who with his hand stretched out above his eye had been surveying the young man attentively, "that should be your grandson, neighbor!"

"Say rather that he should not be," replied the old man. "But he is."

"And that?" said the dwarf, pointing to Dick Swiveller.

"Some friend of his, as welcome here as he," said the old man.

"And that?" inquired the dwarf wheeling round and pointing straight at me.

"A gentleman who was so good as to bring Nell home the other night when she lost her way, coming from your house."

The little man turned to the child as if to chide her or express his wonder, but as she was talking to the young man, held his peace, and bent his head to listen.

"Well, Nelly," said the young fellow aloud.—"Do they teach you to hate me, eh?"

"No, no. For shame. Oh, no!" cried the child.

"To love me perhaps?" pursued her brother with a sneer.

"To do neither," she returned. "They never speak to me about you. Indeed they never do."

"I dare be bound for that," he said, darting a bitter look at the grandfather. "I dare be bound for that, Nell. Oh! I believe you there!"

"But I love you dearly, Fred," said the child.

"No doubt!"

"I do indeed, and always will," the child repeated with great emotion, "but oh! if you would leave off vexing him and making him unhappy, then I could love you more."

"I see!" said the young man, as he stooped carelessly over the child, and having kissed her, pushed her from him: "There—get you away now you have said your lesson. You need n't whimper. We part good friends enough, if that's the matter."

He remained silent, following her with his eyes, until she had gained her little room and closed the door: and then turning to the dwarf, said abruptly,

"Harkee Mr.—"

"Meaning me!" returned the dwarf. "Quilp is my name. You might remember. It's not a long one—Daniel Quilp."

"Harkee Mr. Quilp then," pursued the other. "You have some influence with my grandfather there."

"Some," said Mr. Quilp emphatically.

"And are in a few of his mysteries and secrets."

"A few," replied Quilp, with equal dryness.

"Then let me tell him once for all, through you, that I will come into and out of this place as often as I like, so long as he keeps Nell here; and that if he wants to be quit of me, he must first be quit of her. What have I done to be made a bugbear of, and to be shunned and dreaded as if I brought the plague? He'll tell you that I have no natural affection; and that I care no more for Nell, for her own sake, than I do for him. Let him say so. I care for the whim, then, of coming to and fro and reminding her of my existence. I will see her when I please. That's my point. I came here to-day to maintain it, and I'll come here again fifty times with the same object and with the same success. I said I would stop till I had gained it. I have done so, and now my visit's ended. Come, Dick."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Swiveller, as his companion turned toward the door. "Sir!"

"Sir, I am your humble servant," said Mr. Quilp, to whom the monosyllable was addressed.

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene, and halls of dazzling light, Sir," said Mr. Swiveller. "I will, with your permission, attempt a slight remark. I came here, sir, this day, under the impression that the old man was friendly."

"Proceed sir," said Daniel Quilp; for the orator had made a sudden stop.

"Inspired by this idea and the sentiments it awakened, sir, and feeling as a mutual friend that badgering, baiting, and bullying, was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the social harmony of the contending parties, I took upon myself to suggest a course which is the course to be adopted on the present occasion. Will you allow me to whisper half a syllable, Sir?"

Without waiting for the permission he sought, Mr. Swiveller stepped up to the dwarf, and leaning on his shoulder and stooping down to get at his ear, said in a voice which was perfectly audible to all present,

"The watch-word to the old man is—fork."

"Is what?" demanded Quilp.

"Is fork, sir," replied Mr. Swiveller, slapping his pocket. "You are awake, sir?"

The dwarf nodded. Mr. Swiveller drew back and nodded likewise, then drew a little farther back and nodded again, and so on. By these means he in time reached the door, where he gave a great cough to attract the dwarf's attention and gain an opportunity of expressing in dumb show, the closest confidence and most inviolable secrecy. Having performed the serious pantomime that was necessary for the due conveyance of these ideas, he cast himself upon his friend's track, and vanished.

"Humph!" said the dwarf with a sour look and a shrug of his shoulders, "so much for dear relations. Thank God I acknowledge none!—Nor need either," he added, turning to the old man, "if you were not as weak as a reed, and nearly as senseless."

"What would you have me do?" he retorted in a kind of helpless desperation. "It is easy to talk and sneer. What would you have me do?"

"What would I do if I was in your case?" said the dwarf.

"Something violent, no doubt."

"You 're right there," returned the little man, highly gratified by the compliment, for such he evidently considered it; and grinning like a devil as he rubbed his dirty hands together. "Ask Mrs. Quilp, pretty Mrs. Quilp, obedient, timid, loving Mrs. Quilp. But that reminds me—I have left her all alone, and she will be anxious and know not a moment's peace till I return. I know she's always in that condition when I'm away, though she does n't dare say so, unless I lead her on and tell her she may speak freely and I won't be angry with her. Oh! well-trained Mrs. Quilp!"

The creature appeared quite horrible with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round, and round, and round again—with something fantastic even in his manner of performing this slight action—and, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air, glanced upward with a stealthy look of exultation that an imp might have copied and appropriated to himself.

"Here," he said, putting his hand into his breast and sidling up to the old man as he spoke; "I brought it myself for fear of accidents, as being in gold, it was something large and heavy for Nell to carry in her bag. She need be accustomed to such loads betimes though, neighbor, for she will carry weight when you are dead."

"Heaven send she may! I hope so," said the old man with something like a groan.

"Hope so!" echoed the dwarf, approaching close to his ear; "neighbor, I would I knew in what good investment all these supplies are sunk. But you are a deep man, and keep your secret close."

"My secret!" said the other with a haggard look. "Yes, you 're right—I—I—keep it close—very close."

He said no more, but taking the money turned away with a slow uncertain step, and pressed his hand upon his head like a weary and dejected man. The dwarf watched him sharply, while he passed into the little sitting-room and locked it in an iron safe above the chimney-piece; and after musing for a short space, prepared to take his leave, observing that unless he made good haste, Mrs. Quilp would certainly be in fits on his return.

"And so neighbor," he added, "I'll turn my face homeward, leaving my love for Nelly and hoping she may never lose her way again, though her doing so has procured me an honor I did n't expect." With that he bowed and leered at me, and with a keen glance around which seemed to comprehend every object within his range of vision, however small or trivial, went his way.

I had several times essayed to go myself, but the old man had always opposed it and entreated me to remain. As he renewed his entreaties on our being left alone, and adverted with many thanks to the former occasion of our being together, I willingly yielded to his persuasions, and sat down pretending to examine some curious miniatures and a few old medals which he placed before me. It needed no great pressing to induce me to stay, for if my curiosity had been excited on the occasion of my first visit, it certainly was not diminished now.

Nell joined us before long, and bringing some needle-work to the table, sat by the old man's side. It was pleasant to observe the fresh flowers in the room, the pet bird with a green bough shading his little cage, the breath of freshness and youth which seemed to rustle through the old dull house and hover round the child. It was curious, but not so pleasant, to turn from the beauty and grace of the girl, to the stooping figure, care-worn face, and jaded aspect of the old man. As he grew weaker and more feeble, what would become of this lonely little creature—poor protector as he was—say that he died—what would her fate be then?

The old man almost answered my thoughts, as he laid his hands on hers, and spoke aloud.

"I'll be of better cheer, Nell," he said; "there must be good fortune in store for thee—I do not ask it for myself, but thee. Such miseries must fall on thy innocent head without it, that I cannot believe but that, being tempted, it will come at last!"

She looked cheerfully into his face, but made no answer.

"When I think," said he, "of the many years—many in the short life—that thou hast lived alone with me; of thy monotonous existence, knowing no companions of thy own age nor any childish pleasures; of the solitude in which thou hast grown to be what thou art, and in which thou hast lived apart from nearly all thy kind but one old man; I sometime fear I have dealt hardly by thee, Nell."

"Grandfather!" cried the child in unfeigned surprise.

"Not in intention—no no," said he. "I have ever looked forward to the time that should enable thee to mix among the gayest and prettiest, and take thy station with the best. But I still look forward, Nell, I still look forward, and if I should be forced to leave thee, meanwhile how have I fitted thee for struggles with the world?—The poor bird yonder is as well qualified to encounter it, and be turned adrift upon its mercies—Hark! I hear Kit outside. Go to him Nell, go to him."

She rose, and hurrying away, stopped, turned back, and put her arms about the old man's neck, then left him and hurried away again—but faster this time, to hide her falling tears.

"A word in your ear, Sir," said the old man in a hurried whisper. "I have been rendered uneasy by what you said the other night, and can only plead that I have done all for the best—that it is too late to retract, if I could (though I cannot)—and that I hope to triumph yet. All is for her sake. I have bore great poverty myself, and would spare her the sufferings that poverty carries with it. I would spare her the miseries that brought her mother, my own dear child, to an early grave. I would leave her—not with resources which could be easily spent or squandered away, but with what would place her beyond the reach of want for ever. You mark me Sir?—She shall have no pittance, but a fortune—Hush! I can say no more than that, now or at any other time, and she is here again!"

The eagerness with which all this was poured into my ear, the trembling of the hand with which he clasped my arm, the strained and starting eyes he fixed upon me, the wild vehemence and agitation of his manner, filled me with amazement.—All that I had heard and seen, and a great part of what he had said himself, led me to suppose that he was a wealthy man. I could form no comprehension of his character, unless he were one of those miserable wretches who have made gain the sole end and object of their lives and having succeeded in amassing great riches, are constantly tortured by the dread of poverty, and beset by fears of loss and ruin. Many things he had said which I had been at a loss to understand, were quite reconcileable with the idea thus presented to me, and at length I concluded that beyond all doubt he was one of this unhappy race.

The opinion was not the result of hasty consideration, for which indeed there was no opportunity at that time, as the child came back directly, and soon occupied herself in preparations for giving Kit a writing lesson, of which it seemed he had a couple every week, and one regularly on that evening, to the great mirth and enjoyment both of himself and his instructress. To relate how it was a long time before his modesty could be so far prevailed upon as to admit of his sitting down in the parlor, in the presence of an unknown gentleman—how when he did sit down he tucked up his sleeves and squared his elbows and put his face close to the copy-right and squinted horribly at the lines—how from the very first moment of having the pen in his hand, he began to wallow in blots, and to daub himself with ink up to the very roots of his hair—how if he did by accident form a letter properly, he immediately smeared it out again with his preparations to make another—how at every fresh mistake, there was a fresh burst of merriment from the child and a louder and not less hearty laugh from poor Kit himself—and how there was all the way through, notwithstanding, a gentle wish on his part to teach, and an anxious desire on his to learn—to relate all these particulars would no doubt occupy more space and time than they deserve. It will be sufficient to say that the lesson was given—that evening passed and night came on—that the old man again grew restless and impatient—that he quitted the house secretly at the same hour as before—and that the child was once more left alone within its gloomy walls.

And now that I have carried this history so far in my own character and introduced these personages to the reader, I shall for the convenience of the narrative detach myself from its farther course, and leave those who have prominent and necessary parts in it to speak and act for themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Quilp resided on Tower Hill; and in her bower on Tower Hill Mrs. Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord, when he quitted her on business which he has been already seen to transact.

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the venture of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House, and made appointments on Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day. On the Surrey side of the river was a small rat-infested dreary yard called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust as if it had fallen from the clouds and ploughed into the ground; a few fragments of rusty anchors; several large iron rings; some piles of rotten wood; and two or three heaps of old sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-braker, yet to judge from these appearances he must either have been a ship-braker on a very small scale, or have broken his ships up very small indeed. Neither did the place present any extraordinary aspect of life or activity, as its only human occupant was an amphibious boy in a canvas suit, whose sole change of occupation was from sitting on the head of a pile and throwing stones into the mud when the tide was out, to standing with his hands in his pockets gazing listlessly on the motion and on the bustle of the river at high-water.

The dwarf's lodging on Tower Hill comprised, besides the needful accommodation for himself and Mrs. Quilp, a small sleeping closet for that lady's mother, who resided with the couple and waged perpetual war with Daniel; of whom, notwithstanding, she stood in no slight dread. Indeed, the ugly creature contrived by some means or other—whether by his ugliness or his ferocity or his natural cunning is no great matter, to impress with a wholesome fear of his anger, most of those with whom he was brought into daily contact and communication. Over nobody had he such complete ascendancy as Mrs. Quilp herself—a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly, every day of her life.

It has been said that Mrs. Quilp was pining in her bower. In her bower she was, but not alone, for besides the old lady her mother of whom mentions has recently been made, there were present some half-dozen ladies of the neighborhood who had happened by a strange accident (and also by a little understanding among themselves) to drop in one after another, just about tea time. This being a season favorable to conversation, and the room being a cool, shady, lazy kind of place, with some plants at the open window shutting out the dust, and interposing pleasantly enough between the tea table within and the old Tower without, it is no wonder that the ladies felt an inclination to talk and linger, especially when there are taken into account the additional inducements of fresh butter, new bread, shrimps, and water-cresses.

Now, the ladies being together under these circumstances, it was extremely natural that the discourse should turn upon the propensity of mankind to tyranise over the weaker sex, and the duty that devolved upon the weaker sex to resist that tyranny and assert their rights and dignity. It was natural for four reasons; firstly because Mrs. Quilp being a young woman and notoriously under the dominion of her husband ought to be excited to rebel, secondly because Mrs. Quilp's parent was known to be laudably shrewish in her disposition and inclined to resist male authority, thirdly because each visitor wished to show for herself how superior she was in this respect to the generality of her sex, and fourthly because the company being accustomed to scandalise each other in pairs, were deprived of their usual subject of conversation now that they were all assembled in close friendship, and had consequently no better employment than to attack the common enemy.

Moved by these considerations a stout lady opened the proceedings by enquiring, with an air of great concern and sympathy, how Mr. Quilp was; whereunto Mr. Quilp's wife's mother replied sharply, "Oh! he is well enough—nothing much was ever the matter with him—and ill weeds were sure to thrive." All the ladies then sighed in concert, shook their heads gravely, and looked at Mrs. Quilp as at a martyr.

"Ah!" said the spokesman, "I wish you 'd give her a little of your advice, Mrs. Jiniwin." Mrs. Quilp had been a Miss Jiniwin it should be observed—"no body knows better than you Ma'am what us women owe to ourselves."

"Owe indeed Ma'am!" replied Mrs. Jiniwin. "When my poor husband, her dear father was alive, if he had ever ventured a cross word to me, I'd have——" the good old lady did not finish the sentence, but she twisted off the head of a shrimp with a vindictiveness which seemed to imply that the action was in some degree a substitute for words. In this light it was clearly understood by the other party who immediately replied with great approbation. "You quite enter into my feelings Ma'am, and it's jist what I'd do myself."

"But you have no call to do it," said Mrs. Jiniwin. "Luckily for you, you have no more occasion to do it than I had."

"No woman need have, if she was true to herself," rejoined the stout lady.

"Do you hear that Betsy?" said Mrs. Jiniwin, in a warning voice. "How often have I said the very same words to you, and almost gone down on my knees when I spoke 'em!"

Poor Mrs. Quilp, who had looked in a state of helplessness from one face of condolence to another, colored, smiled, and shook her head doubtfully. This was the signal for a general clamor, which beginning in a low murmur gradually swelled into a great noise in which every body spoke at once, and all said that she being a young woman had no right to set up her opinions against the experience of those who knew so much better; that it was very wrong of her not to take the advice of people who had nothing at heart but her good; that it was next door to being downright ungrateful to conduct herself in that manner; that if she had no respect for herself, she ought to have some for other women, all of whom she compromised by her meekness; and that if she had no respect for other women, the time would come when other women would have no respect for her, and she would be very sorry for that, they could tell her. Having dealt out these admonitions, the ladies fell to a more powerful assault than they had yet made upon the mixed tea, new bread, fresh butter, shrimps and water-cresses, and said their vexation was so great to see her going on like that, that they could hardly bring themselves to eat a single morsel.

"It's all very fine talk," said Mrs. Quilp, with much simplicity, "but I know that if I was to die to-morrow, Quilp could marry any body he pleased—now that he could, I know!"

There was quite a scream of indignation at this idea. Marry whom he pleased! They would like to see him dare to think of marrying any of them; they would like to see the faintest approach to such a thing. One lady (a widow) was quite certain she should stab him if he hinted at it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Quilp, nodding her head, "as I said just now, it's very easy to talk, but I again say that I know—that I'm sure—Quilp has such a way with him when he likes, that the best-looking woman here couldn't refuse him if I was dead, and she was free, and he chose to make love to her. Come."

Every one bridled up at this remark, as much as to say "I know you mean me. Let him try—that's all." And yet for some hidden reason they were all angry with the widow, and each lady whispered in her neighbor's ear that it was very plain the said widow thought herself the person referred to, and what a puss she was!

"Mother knows," said Mrs. Quilp, "that what I say is quite correct, for she often said so before we were married. Didn't you say so mother?"

The inquiry involved the respected lady in rather a delicate position, for she certainly had been an active in making her daughter Mrs. Quilp, and, besides, it was not supporting the family credit to encourage the idea that she had married a man whom nobody else would have. On the other hand, to exaggerate the captivating qualities of her son-in-law would be to weaken the cause of revolt, in which all her energies were deeply engaged. Beset by these opposing considerations, Mrs. Jiniwin admitted the powers of insinuation, but denied the right to govern, and with a timely compliment to the stout lady, brought back the discussion to the point from which it had strayed.

"Oh! it's a sensible and proper thing indeed, what Mrs. George has said!" exclaimed the old lady. "If women are only true to themselves! But Betsey isn't, and more's the shame and pity."

"Before I'd let a man order me about as Quilp orders her," Mrs. George; "before I'd consent to stand in awe of a man as she does of him, I'd—I'd kill myself, and write a letter first to say he did it!"

This remark being loudly commended and approved of, another lady (from the Minories) put in her word:

"Mr. Quilp may be a very nice man," said this lady, "and I suppose there's no doubt he is, because Mrs. Quilp says he is, and Mrs. Jiniwin says he is, and they ought to know, or nobody does. But still he is not quite a—what one calls a handsome man, nor quite a young man neither, which might be a little excuse for him if any thing could be; whereas his wife is young, and is good-looking, and is a woman—which is the great thing after all."

This last clause being delivered with extraordinary pathos elicited a corresponding murmur from the hearers, stimulated by which the old lady went on to remark that if such a husband was cross and unreasonable with such a wife, then—

"If he is!" interposed the mother, putting down her teacup and brushing the crumbs out of her lap, preparatory to making a solemn declaration. "If he is! He is the greatest tyrant that ever lived, she daren't call her soul her own, he makes her tremble with a word and even with a look, he frightens her to death, and she hasn't the spirit to give him a word back, no, not a single word."

Notwithstanding that the fact had been notorious before-hand to all the tea-drinkers, and had been discussed and expatiated on at every tea-drinking in the neighbrohood for the last twelve months, this official communication was no sooner made than they all began to talk at once and to vie with each other in vehemence and volubility. Mrs. George remarked that people would talk, that people had often said this to her before, that Mrs. Simmons then and there present had told her so twenty times, that she had always said, "No Henrietta Simmons, unless I see it with my own eyes and hear it with my own ears, I never will believe it." Mrs. Simmons corroborated this testimony and added strong evidence of her own. The lady from the Minories recounted a successful course of treatment under which she had placed her own husband, who, from manifesting one month after marriage unequivocal symptoms of the tiger, had by this means become subdued into a perfect lamb. Another lady recounted her own personal struggle and final triumph, in the course whereof she had found it necessary to call in her mother and two aunts, and to weep incessantly night and day for six weeks. A third, who in the general confusion could secure no other listener, fastened herself upon a young woman still unmarried who happened to be among them, and conjured her as she valued her own peace of mind and happiness to profit by this solemn occasion, to take example from the weakness of Mrs. Quilp, and from that time forth to direct her whole thoughts to taming and subduing the rebellious spirit of man. The noise was at its height, and half the company had elevated their voices into a perfect shriek in order to drown the voices of the other half, when Mrs. Jiniwin was seen to change color and shake her fore-finger stealthily, as if exhorting them to silence. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp himself, the cause and occasion of all this clamor, was observed to be in the room, looking on and listening with profound attention.

"Go on, ladies, go on," said Daniel. "Mrs. Quilp, pray ask the ladies to stop to supper, and have a couple of lobsters and something light and palatable."

"I—I—didn't ask them to tea, Quilp," stammered his wife. "It's quite an accident."

"So much the better, Mrs. Quilp; these accidental parties are always the pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands so hard that he seemed to be engaged in manufacturing, of the dirt with which they were encrusted, little charges for popguns. "What! Not going ladies, you are not going, surely!"

His fair enemies tossed their heads slightly as they sought their respective bonnets and shawls, but left all verbal contention to Mrs. Jiniwin, who, finding herself in the position of champion, made a faint struggle to sustain the character.

"And why not stop to supper, Quilp," said the old lady, "if my daughter had a mind?"

"To be sure," rejoined Daniel—"why not?"

"There's nothing dishonest or wrong in a supper, I hope," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Surely not," returned the dwarf. "Why should there be? Nor any thing unwholesome either, unless there's lobster salad or prawns, which I'm told are good for digestion."

"And you wouldn't like your wife to be attacked with that, or any thing else that would make her uneasy, would you?" said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Not for a score of worlds," replied the dwarf with a grin. "Not even to have a score of mothers-in-law at the same time—and what a blessing that would be!"

"My daughter's your wife, Mr. Quilp, certainly," said the old lady, with a giggle, meant for satirical, and to imply that he needed to be reminded of the fact; "your wedded wife."

"So she is, certainly, so she is," observed the dwarf.

"And she has a right to do as she likes, I hope, Quilp," said the old lady, trembling, partly with anger and partly with a secret fear of her impish son-in-law.

"Hope she has," he replied. "Oh, don't you know she has? Don't you know she has, Mrs. Jiniwin?"

"I know she ought to have, Quilp, and would have, if she was my way of thinking."

"Why an't you of your mother's way of thinking, my dear?" said the dwarf, turning round and addressing his wife, "why don't you always imitate your mother, my dear? She's the ornament of your sex—your father said so every day of his life, I am sure he did."

"Her father was a blessed creature, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people," said Mrs. Jiniwin; "twenty hundred million thousand."

"I should like to have known him," remarked the dwarf. "I dare say he was a blessed creature then; but I'm sure he is now. It was a happy release. I believe he had suffered a long time!"

The old lady gave a gasp, but nothing came of it; Quilp resumed, with the same malice in his eye, and the same sarcastic smile on his tongue.

"You look ill, Mrs. Jiniwin; I know you have not been exciting yourself too much—talking perhaps, for it is your weakness. Go to bed. Do go to bed."

"I shall go when I please, Quilp, and not before."

"But please to go now. Do please to go now," said the dwarf.

The old woman looked angrily at him, but retreated as he advanced, and falling back before him, suffered him to shut the door upon her and bolt her out among the guests, who were by this time crowding down stairs. Being left alone with his wife, who sat trembling in a corner, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, the little man planted himself before her, and folding his arms, looked steadily at her for some time without speaking.

"Mrs. Quilp," he said, at last.

"Yes, Quilp," she replied, meekly.

Instead of pursuing the theme he had in his mind, Quilp folded his arms again, and looked at her more sternly than before, while she averted her eyes and kept them on the ground.

"Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp."

"If ever you listen to these beldames again, I'll bite you."

With this laconic threat, which he accompanied with a snarl that gave him the appearance of being particularly in earnest, Mr. Quilp bade her clear the tea-board away, and bring the rum. The spirit being set before him in a huge case-bottle, which had originally come out of some ship's locker, he ordered cold water and the box of cigars; and these being supplied, he settled himself in an arm-chair, with his large head and face squeezed up against the back, and his legs planted on the table.

"Now, Mrs. Quilp," he said, "I feel in a smoking humor, and shall probably blaze away all night; but sit where you are, if you please, in case I want you."

His wife returned no other reply than the customary "Yes, Quilp," and the small lord of the creation took his first cigar, and mixed his first glass of grog. The sun went down and the stars peeped out, the Tower turned from its own proper color from gray and from gray to black, the room became perfectly dark and the end of the cigar a deep fiery red; but still Mr. Quilp went on smoking and drinking in the same position, and staring listlessly out of the window, with the dog-like smile always on his face, save when Mrs. Quilp made some involuntary movement of restlessness or fatigue, and then it expanded into a grin of delight.

Mr. Weller's Watch.

It seems that the house-keeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the house-keeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers, the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visiters.

"Indeed," said she, "without Mr. Slithers, I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'erdness, mum," said Mr. Weller, with the utmost politeness; "no call wotsumever. A lady," added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position, "a lady can't be hock'erd. Natur has otherwise purwided."

The house-keeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried "Hear! hear! Very true sir;" whereupon Sam turned about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber, "I never knew but vun o' your trade, but he wos worth a dozen and wos indeed dewoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way, sir," inquired Mr. Slithers; "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' wos his natur, and cuttin' and cur'lin' wos his pride and glory. His whole delight wos in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they wos a growling avay down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectually gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends wos being retailed in gallipots in the above shop, and the first floor window wos ornamented vith their heads; not to speak of the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man walkin up and down the pavement on the outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' How'ever, there they wos, and there Jinkinson wos, till he wos took wery ill with some inn'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and wos confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that whenever he got worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes as if he wos ever so bad calls out 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur' neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin', Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says 'Doctor,' he says, 'will you grant me one favor?' 'I will Jinkinson,' says the doctor. 'Then doctor,' says Jinkinson, 'vill you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will,' says the doctor. 'God bless you,' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says 'Jinkinson,' he says, 'It's wery plain this does you good. Now,' he says 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it 'ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman' he says, 'has n't got much of a beard, still he's a trying it on vith a pair o' viskers to that extent that rasors is Christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage wen it 's a waitin' below,' he says, 'wot 's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? you've got six children,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? You've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this,' he says, 'and you 're a man agin? Jinkinson squeezed the doctor's hand and begun that very day; he kept his tools upon his bed, and wenever he felt his self gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house vith heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him again. Vun day the lawyer cum to make his vill; all the time he wos a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It is wery like a man havin' his hair cut,' says poor Jinkinson, hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was wery nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last vun day he has in all the children vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistants, and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the woice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immediately complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind, and vishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the middle of his forehead."

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers but upon the housekeeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and to be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'erdness in ladies, Sammy," replied his father.

"You do n't thing she's fallen in love with you in consekens o' that, do you?" said Sam.

"More unlikelier things have come to pass my boy," replied Mr. Weller in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afeerd of inadwertent captivation, Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugley or unpleasant I'd do it, Samivel, raythar than live in this here state of perpetival terror!"

Mr. Weller had at that time, no farther opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way down stairs, apologising as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the ale cellar. The preparations which were already made, sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale jug and glasses, flanked with clean pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was a goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as so many evidences of captivation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulses, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller, taking up a pipe and laying it down again, "it could n't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if you please."

"But I like it of all things," said the house-keeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "No."

"Upon my word I do," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said no again, but more feebly than before. The housekeeper lighted a piece of paper and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe with her own fair hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the housekeeper cried that her fingers would be burnt; Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the housekeeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

"I do n't think," said Sam who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady wos agreeable, it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four to make up a club of our own like the governors does up stairs, and let him," Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe toward his parent, "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manœuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watchchain and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having thirdly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude, then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upward, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this vay for the wacant cheers.—Ladies and gen'l'men, Mr. Weller's watch is vound up and now a goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times and declared the association formally constituted.

"And do n't let's have no grinnin' at the cheer, Samivel," said Mr. Weller to his son, "or I shall be committin' you to the seller, and then p'raps we may get into wot the 'Merrikins call a fix, and the English a question of privilege."

Having uttered this friendly caution, the president settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

"I've told one," said Sam.

"Wery good, sir; tell another," returned the chair.

"We wos a talking jist now, sir," said Sam turning to Slithers, "about barbers. Pursuing that 'ere fruitful theme, sir, I'll tell you in a wery few words a romantic little story about another barber, as pr'aps you may never have heard."

"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your obserwations to the cheer, sir, and not to priwate indiwiduals!"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table with the knuckles of his left hand resting upon it, "if I might rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there is such a word in the dictionary as hair-dressers."

"Well, but suppose he was n't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Vy then, sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father. "In the same vay as ev'ry gen'l'man in another place is a honorable, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'l'man says of another, 'the honorable member, if he vill allow me to call him so,' you vill understand, sir, that that means, 'if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and uniwersal fiction.'"

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained, and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared even to have astonished himself, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged after the utterance of these lucid remarks.

"Here's the story," said Sam. "Vunce upon a time there wos a young hair-dresser as opened a wery smart little shop vith four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'l'men and two ladies—the gen'l'men vith blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, ou-dacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies vith their heads o' one side, their right fore-fingers on their lips, and their forms developed beautiful, in vich last respect they had the adwantage over the gen'l'men, as wasn't allowed but wery little shoulder and terminated rather abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass-cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up stairs, and a weighen' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament wos the dummies, which this 'ere young hair-dresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short, he wos so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he wos always wretched and mis'rable to think they wos behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Von o' these dummies wos a fav'rite vith him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him vy he did'nt get married—as the young he know'd in partikler, often did—he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet with a young 'ooman as realizes my idea o' that 'ere fairest dummy vith the light hair. Then, and not till then,' he says, 'vill I approach the Altar!' All the young ladies he know'd as had got dark hair told him this wos very sinful, and that he wos wurshippin' a idle; but them as was at all near the same shade as the dummy colored up wery much, and was observed to think him a wery nice young man."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller gravely, "a member o' this associashun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immedetly referred to, I have to rekvest that you will make no reflexions."

"I ain't a makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order, sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller, with severe dignity; then sinking the chairman in the father, he added in his usual tone of voice, "Samivel, drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded:

"The young hair-dresser had'nt been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above six months, ven he encountered a young lady as wos the wery picter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now,' he says, it's all up. I'm a slave!' The young lady wos not only the picter o' the fairest dummy, but she was wery romantic as the young hair-dresser wos too; and he says, 'Oh!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin'—here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady did'nt say much o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly afterwards vent to see him vith a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'rectly she sees the dummies she changes color and falls a tremblin' wiolently. 'Look up, my love,' says the hair-dresser; 'behold your image in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My image!' she says. 'Your'n!' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose image is that?' she says, a pinting at vun o' the gen'l'men. 'No vun's, my love,' he says, 'it's but a idea.' 'A idea!' says she; 'it's a portrait—I feel it's a portrait; and that 'ere noble face must be in the milingtary!' 'Wot do I hear?' says he, a crumblin' his curls. 'Villiam Gibbs,' she says, quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend,' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This,' says the hair-dresser, 'is a reg'lar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate.—Farevell!' Vith these vords he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose vith a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlor fire, and and never smiles artervards."

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Vy, ma'am," said Sam, "finding that fate had a spite agin her and everybody she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined avay—by raythar slow degrees, for she aint dead yet. It took a deal

of young to let the pole-dancer, and none people say wrong of that "it was near the pie pole water on caused him to be run over; please if was a child's blanket caught in the tree."

The barber declared that Mr. Waller had enlisted one of the most interesting stories that had ever come within his knowledge, to which speech the housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man, sir?" inquired Sam. The barber replied that he had not that honor.

"I'll send you some in to be," said Sam.

Wisely," replied the barber, rubbing his hands contentedly, "I don't know, I don't think it's very likely."

"That's a bad sign, said Sam; "if you'd said you meant to be one of these days, I should'a' looked upon you as lost' ands. You're in a very precarious state."

"I am not conscious of any danger, at all events," returned the barber.

"No more was I, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing, "those vere my symptoms as pretty. I've been told that my twins. Keep your vether eye open, my friend, or you're gone."

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its manner and sentence, and also in the way which Mr. Weller still kept his eyes fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and might it's have cared to so for some time long ver, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called the old gentleman from his reverie, and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether "there was anythin' very piercin" in that 'ere little heart."

"Dear me, Mr. Weller!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"No, but is there anythin' as agitates it?" pursued the old gentleman. "Has it always been obderate, as I've reported to the happyness of his own creature? Eh? Has it?"

At this critical juncture for her kindness and confidence, the housekeeper discovered that Sam's ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same followed by the barber, who insisted on carrying the candle. Having locked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller seated himself in the easiest chair he found the kitchen, until at length it rested on his son.

"Sammy," said Mr. Waller, "I mistrust that barber."

"Vot for?" returned Sam; "it won't be got to do with you. You're a nice man, you are, arter pretendin' all kinds of larmer, to go a payin' compliments and talkin' about hearts and pierces!"

"Was I a talkin' about hearts and pierces? Was I, Sammy, Sammy, was I?"

"Vy you 'd ourse you was."

"Ven do a'n't know no better, Sammy; there a'n't no harm in it, no danger, Sammy; only a pinnater. Sir seemed pleased, though, did a'n't also? Of course she was pleased; it's natral she should be, very natral."

"He 's vain of it!" exclaimed Sam, poising in his father's mirth—"he 's actually vain!"

"Hush!" replied Mr Weller, composing his features, "vether 's a cousin' Bet. Bet mark three words o' mine once more, and remember 'em von your father says he said 'em: Sammy, I mistrust that 'ere downfall barber."

The Old Curiosity Shop Again.

Wonder Mr. Quilp took any sleep by snatches of a few winks at a time or whether he sat with his eyes wide open all night long, certain it is that he kept his cigar alight, and kindled every fresh one from the ashes of that which was nearly consumed, without requiring the assistance of a candle.

Nor did the striking of the clocks, hour after hour, appear to inspire him with any sense of drowsiness or any natural desire to go to rest, but rather to increase his wakefulness, which it professed, at every such indication of the progress of the night, by a suppressed cackling in his throat, and a motion of the shoulders, like one who laughs heartily at the same time very coyly and by stealth.

At length the day broke, and poor Mrs. Quilp, shivering with the chill of early morning, and embarrassed by fatigue and want of sleep, was discovered sitting patiently on her stool, raising her eyes at intervals in mute appeal to the compassion and clemency of her lord, and gently reminding him by an occasional cough that she was still unprovided, and that her penance had been of long duration.

But her dwarfish spouse still smoked his cigar and drank his rum without heeding her; and it was not until the sun had come into the street, and the activity and noise of day was very rife in the street, that he deigned to recognise her presence by any word or sign. He might not have done so even then, but for certain impatient tappings at the door, which seemed to denote that some pretty hard knuckles were actively engaged upon the other side.

"Why dost me" he said looking round with a mischievous grin, "it 's day! Open the door, sweet Mrs. Quilp."

His obedient wife withdrew the bolt, and her lady neither entered.

Now Mrs Jiniwin boasted into the room with great impetuosity, for supposing her son-in-law to be still in bed, she came to relieve her feelings by pronouncing a strong opinion upon his general conduct and character. Seeing that he was up and dressed, and that the room appeared to have been lighted, opened ever since she visited it on the previous evening, she stopped short in some consternation.

Nothing escaped the hawk's eye of the ugly little man, who perfectly understanding what passed in the old lady's mind, turned ogling still in the direction of his satisfaction, and took her good morning with a leer of offensph.

"Why Betsy," said the old woman, "you have n't been a—you don't mean to say you've been a—"

"Sitting up all night?" said Quilp supplying the conclusion of the sentence. "Yes she has."

"All night?" cried Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aye, all night. In the dear old lady den!" said Quilp, with a smile of which a frown was part. "We and the man and wife are bad company! Ha, ha! The time has flown."

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Come, come," said Quilp, wilfully misunderstanding her, of course, "you must n't call her names. She 's worried now, you know. And though she did begrude the taste and keep me from my bed, none can be so tenderly sorry for full of one as to be out of humor with her. Bless you for a dear old lady. "Here's your health!" "I am most obliged to you," returned the old woman, testifying by a certain restlessness in her hands a vehement desire to shake her maternally fist at her son-in-law. "Oh! I'm very much obliged to you!"

"Grateful soul!" cried the dwarf. "Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp," said the timid sufferer.

"Help your mother-in-law to breakfast, Mrs Quilp. I am going to the wharf this morning—the earlier the better—we be quick."

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He was on his brain by the sound of his master's voice, and as soon as his head was fairly righted, effect without delay, and expressively in the absence of a better verb, pummelled it for him.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1846.

The Day.

On this day, sixty-four years ago, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, amid crowds of anxious and yet rejoicing people. The venerable pile, from whose steps it was read, still raises its head in our midst, though all the prominent actors in that scene, and most even of the spectators of it, are now cold in death. It is a day of fear to some, of doubt to others, but of more cheer to all. The oppressions of the George III. Kingdom roughly of his people in our wrongs, and the attempt made by parliament to compel us by force of arms, had roused up in the heart of our fathers, a determination to peril all, rather than bow to such tyranny. It was done. The immortal Declaration of Independence, was the first step in that drama, whose fame shall last the strength of years.

What a spectacle must the morning of the Fourth of July 1776, have presented to our city. The news of the passage of the Declaration had already spread, from mouth to mouth, with the rapidity of wild fire, and by early morning the inhabitants would be seen hurrying toward the State House, to hear the Act proclaimed, while the tolling of the great bell of the Capitol, the eager question of the crowd, and the mingled feelings depicted on the countenance of all, gave an excitement to the scene, no pen can describe.

Even many hearts that felt the justice of the act trembled at the consequences that it looked forward to a long and doubtful war perhaps only to end in ruin and slavery. Others, with the fire of youth burning within them, were beginning to the general rendezvous, full of eager hope as to the issue; while not a few grey headed men, who had seen the last struggle with what they thought the rashness of the patriots. It was an eventful morning; a day of life and death to the country in their sense; and little do we imagine, amid our present security, of the feeling of doubt, suspense, agony, and yet of expectation, which ebbed and flowed in the bosoms of our forefathers, as they waited for the actual declaration of the day, would be far more unusual.

It was a long and gloomy contest which that morning ushered in. Who can read the annals of that age without feeling that the men of the revolution were patriots indeed? Who can look in council or on the battle field they met only difficulty and suffering. Yet they never grew disheartened, but struggled on, through good and bad report, and contemporaneously with the Declaration of Independence, they had to struggle against a calumniating feeling in the east, and nearly useless a charitable feeling in the east, and east in the other region, alluded to, though it may not be named in the Act, as the natural inlet, to the other. The man had Damocled by the sun so tight, that he could not see to kill him, while he kept a heavy sword that would have laid dead or alive Damocled's friends until they were determined to see him perish with the tyrant. Such was the feeling of the revolution, and such was the feeling of the revolution, and such was the feeling of the revolution, and

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$5 per annum—$2 of paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remember money always stops the Post-office *removal* use, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

☞ New Agencies.—J. F. Cates & Co. are agents at New Orleans, have established agencies at Mobile and St. Louis. Their address at Mobile is *W. Pacist, No. 40 Royal street.* Mr. Forrest is the acting partner at St. Louis. We commend them to those who wish the Post at either or either place.

Financial Record.

The Concord Bank.—A committee of the stockholders have made a thorough investigation of the affairs of this bank, and report that after paying all the liabilities of the bank, from fifty to sixty thousand dollars, will remain for the benefit of the stockholders. They recommend to make an assessment of $25 on each share of the stock. This assessment with the debts of the bank will enable the directors to redeem all the bills of the bank.

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Bankruptcy Contract.—On the 19th inst., a vote was passed in the Senate, by a majority of 27 to 17. The majority said one or two ladies were on board, and all succeeded in remaining themselves on the roof of the vessel, until a schooner or sloop from down East came within hailing distance, the captain of which, for a long time refused to render any assistance to the sufferers—and he could not be detained—but he had no sooner reached Salem before he was arrested for perjury, &c., and passed on. His passengers finally refused him to put about and go to the assistance of the distressed. They were taken to New Haven harbor and landed, but not till the expenses demanded by the lighting wretch who so reluctantly assisted had been paid. We hope the name of this wretch will be duly published, that he may be handed down to posterity as a disgrace to the human species.

Distressing Event.—The United States Gazette of Monday says—"A letter now before us from Harrisburg, mentions the reception at that place of the mutilated remains of Mrs. Gen. Harrison, the United States Senator for Pennsylvania, attempted suicide in a fit of insanity on Tuesday last, at his residence in McKean county, Pa., on the throat with a razor. Although Gen. McKean was alive when the letter was written, the information was written, yet, it is added, there was not the slightest prospect of his surviving many hours."

Dysentery.—Severe cold water over the head of a child, completely neutralizes, it is said, premature mud. A gentleman lately in England, gave a dog some cold in full bloom. The animal immediately became paralyzed, but appearing likely to linger for a short time, the owner, to put it out of misery threw it into a pond. The dog, however, on being felt the effect of the water, immediately swam out, shook itself, and appeared as if nothing whatever had occurred.

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The Great Western.—The steam vessel sailed on Wednesday. She was crowded with passengers. Many who wished to go were disappointed.

☞ James Ward was attached in New York on Saturday, for passing altered Chemical Bank bills.

Bankruptcy Contract.—On the 19th inst., a vote was passed in the Senate, by a majority of 27 to 17. The majority said one or two ladies were on board, and all succeeded in remaining themselves on the roof of the vessel, until a schooner or sloop from down East came within hailing distance, the captain of which, for a long time refused to render any assistance to the sufferers—and he could not be detained—but he had no sooner reached Salem before he was arrested for perjury, &c., and passed on. His passengers finally refused him to put about and go to the assistance of the distressed. They were taken to New Haven harbor and landed, but not till the expenses demanded by the lighting wretch who so reluctantly assisted had been paid. We hope the name of this wretch will be duly published, that he may be handed down to posterity as a disgrace to the human species.

Distressing Event.—The United States Gazette of Monday says—"A letter now before us from Harrisburg, mentions the reception at that place of the mutilated remains of Mrs. Gen. Harrison, the United States Senator for Pennsylvania, attempted suicide in a fit of insanity on Tuesday last, at his residence in McKean county, Pa., on the throat with a razor. Although Gen. McKean was alive when the letter was written, the information was written, yet, it is added, there was not the slightest prospect of his surviving many hours."

Dysentery.—Severe cold water over the head of a child, completely neutralizes, it is said, premature mud. A gentleman lately in England, gave a dog some cold in full bloom. The animal immediately became

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life.
Then given it all on three.

An Apology for Blushing.

The rebuke which bids us flee the sun,
As an intruder unwise they fly;
The vallies blue the mountains' hue,
And the monotone tints the sky.

The cream tree, sunbeath of love,
Their tasks impressed with beauty,
And swallows trim bright heaven above
To him the world of ours!

The swinging billows kiss the beach,
Through its most solemn notion,
And the cypress longs the earth to reach,
To enjoy the fleeting motion!

The fleecy clouds love Flora's light,
The starry sky adoring;
And day looses kiss the brow of night,
Ere the burst of the dewy morning.

The ivy kisses from its birth,
All other cares forsaken,
And all things taught and fed on earth
Some most engaged in kissing!

As this by all is seen and heard,
And known to be the most true love,
'T were most unnatural, if denied
I should not love him you, love.

S. WERAN'S PROBLEM.—Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner:—As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the queen for a purpose, and he minded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said she, "but that was a woman's promise."

PHYSICIANS.—It is pleasing to see the rude customs of our ancestors adopted to our modern civilization. Our German forefathers believed that he who died a natural death must pass a purgatory time in suspense before entering into the enjoyment of Walhalla, and therefore always called in as soon as one to put an end to their life, when there was any danger of its ending in a natural way. We have preserved this custom, and the result is—doctors.

A REPORT.—"Friend Franklin," said Rhyd Tab, a celebrated Quaker lawyer, of Philadelphia, one day, "these knaves almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the hark yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a bung made of old Master by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Modern, and I'll engage they will never trouble the small beer any more."

MATRIMONY.—It has been remarked that, in general, persons choose to unite themselves in matrimony to a partner the most opposite in every point, moral and physical. Generally speaking, indeed, it seems as if everybody, upon intimate acquaintance, became heartily sick of his own self, and married a person as unlike the disagreeable original as possible.

BITS.—Some people always have a bit which they put in the way of every thing. Inquiring of such a one the character of his neighbor, he replied—"Why, he's a pretty fair, decent sort of a man—but—hem!" "But what?" "Why—hem—why he feeds his piggy old horse on pudding."

A CHAMPION'S LIFE.—How full of beauty, how desirable and how glorious appears to the lot of a clergyman, especially in the country! Religion and poetry dwell with him, like twin sisters; and his thoughts, when they turn aside from heaven, rest on all that is most beautiful on earth.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—"If," said a lawyer pleading for his client whose garden had been sadly disfigured by his neighbor's pigs—"if there is no fit game out of our free and enlightened country, that our neighbor's pigs must go without rubies, then in vain did our fathers bleed at Bunker Hill, and die at Yorktown!"

SURELY NATIONS.—Those nations which are more remarkable for silence or slowness of speech, as the Arabs, English and Germans, possess fiery, abrupt poetry, while that of more loquacious people, as of the French and Italians, is tamer and colder.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—Jim, does your mother ever scold you?"

"No—nothing worse than that."

"Does she ever whip you, Jim?"

"No, never whips me, but she wastes my fine savory morning!"

CHILDHOOD.—It is an error, if we suppose that childhood is the happiest part of life. A child's pleasures are like early spring flowers, pretty but pale and fleeting, and sometimes as fleeting. The rich and fragrant treasures of the heart are not developed so early.

DIRE CONSOLATION.—"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dolefully by his bedside. "If you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the repentant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

THE PRESENT.—Any great century may be listened to a fine estate which we have inherited, which, however, is encumbered with the mortgage, debts and lawsuits of those who were before us. Let it be our care to clear off those as well as to enjoy the property.

A BULL.—An Irishman was sent out to put a letter into the post office, directed to a lady. He brought it back. "But lack to them post officers, yer honor," said he, "this letter won't go." "Won't go?" "Divil a bit.—The dirty spalpeens have got a game for the stamps, but never a one is there for the *females!*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—In like manner looked upon. Here we find freedom, and there slavery; here a nation overcivilized, and there one overyoung; as in bed years, rye, half-ripe, and green grapes hang on the vines at once—and the devout himself cannot make sound wine out of them!

WARNING LUCK.—"I say, old Pirrimellamal!" said a sailor to a ship with the house, "show me if I doesn't wash you lock?"

"Me lack! eh! what for?"

"Why, 'cose you doesn't look as though you've had any lately, my hearty?"

WARFARE.—To find poets and authors devoting themselves to letters, while all around is tumult and carnage, reminds one of the lark, which soars and sings over the battle-field as well as over the corn-field.

MONUMENTAL.—The Mayor of an English city put forth an advertisement previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, except the horses that are to run."

SEARCH OF TRUTH.—Hezal Grim shall regain his sight, said the oracle, if he will constantly follow the sun's path through the sky. I, we sens for the light, said he will be speared.

CRIB.—An ass merchant, recommending his commodity, a boy to sinde, declared that his ass was much cooler than any other, as it was made on the coldest night of the season.

DEATH.—The breaking system of life collects but a scattered image of the bright shapes around us; but when they hover over the still waters of death, we see them clear and lovely.

A BAD EXCUSE.—An Indian monk wrote a life of St. Francis Xavier, where he asserted that by one miracle he converted *ten thousand persons in a short space.*

From Philadelphia Courier, 1st June.

English Reprints.

SEVENTY SHORT LAYERS IN DOWN IN THE HISTORY SANCTUM.

"BRAVO!—Jeremy—have at them. Give them a touch of the tiger—encore."

"Here's a new reprint of the trashy thing published—a magazine without a sense of the ifyous in the most contemptible. Egad!—what do you editors mean? For that very reason I've resolved—let me ask—unless to scour, and scorch, and cook up some poor rascal of a writer into a decent dish for your hungry readers. And yet we better not, for then men as if you could n't town upon a fly, and thinking lore-tales only wit to read, content yourselves with thanking heaven, for the little brains it takes to write such trash until at last you have got to be such sleek, fat, cood, good humored, mild-and-water sort of coxcers, that your copies look almost passed from your hands, your criticisms are nothing more than puffs for the printers, and every little scurvy you scatter kicks up his heels in defiance if you say a word against his stuff. Pretty times these are truly!—and we have to thank you for them.

"Here comes a new one in the shape of—the greatest evils that literary suggestibness can inflict upon a country—an evil which has been going on, increasing unanimly, ever since the beginning of the century—an evil which is ruining the taste, while at the same time it starves the authors of our country :—and yet scarcely so either in the land have lifted a finger against it, or suffered much longer to continue, will make us more slaves and copyists in literature of the London exchequer, and keep us a complete rule, on from bare native writers, and that stern originality if thought, which the sight of our majestic stream and stupendous mountains would make, or by the touch of the prophet's staff, into being. Ay! sir—those reprints of the novels, tales, romances and other trash of the English press are poison ing us. They are wintering our literature into the hot breath of their Babel, London, would whether the wild flowers of our own valleys. But repeat to you that I am not in defiance I'm under confoundedly dry. I'm just getting a-going, sir—working myself up into a comfortable rage, and if I do not get a glass or my-and-water with this cud crutch of mine, then my name is'nt Jeremy Short, nor have I not bee'llows at the Black Bull-in Dr you know and say that I am not about the works which our two great publishers reprint"—Well, sir, I would n't give that for them—no! not a soap of my finger. Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, and the five brothers of New York are all very fine fellows—and I venerate them next to General Washington and myself—but their readers, whoever they may be, are a set of dreamy right dances, nincompoops, or any other sort o rascals. They 've grown so obese, and their brains so deeply covered with fat, that not even that half the time—to judge from what they se lect—they do'nt read ten pages of a work, and the other half they either take for gospel, or the most mockney publishers for truth, or make up their minds when they 're drunk, crazy, or asleep. I speak by the card, sir, and to prove it will just run over the last half year's reprints; for taking them year in and out, a run of that time will give you pretty much their real value.

"Jack Sheppard as I live!—to begin with. Why, that compound of coarseness, imprudentity, nonsense, and downright villainy, has been killed three six months ago, and yet there it is still alive and his gang of understrappers can re-animate the already stinking carcass. Ainsworth really ought to be put into a pound for the public use of Cockaigne, and stopped to take the sop, and therefore to the dirty work of a fellow, whom Dickens almost hooked into a decent man, the name of the prudent proposals were made to him. Jack Sheppard!—mash my stars the window is open; for it really infects the atmosphere, and—do n't you think the room's very much closed?

"What!—grinding up your barely gurdy again. Ainsworth, and drawling out, but in hand, for dirty alehouses, if one may judge from certain of the corners of every street, your pie-bald but nasty, ridiculous sentiment, and—worse than all—most literary tragedy, setting one's teeth on edge, and fairly nauseating us with your trash, 'in naked dulness long drawn out.' Seriously—my dear sir—is what are the 'Tower of London' and 'Guy Fawkes' one whit better than 'Jack Sheppard?' They have the same prolixity—the same unnatural plot—and the same wretched style of writing. And the same monstrosities so heroes stalk through their pages, using more like fiends from some unheard of world, than human beings, or even denizens of the good old Gothic, Egad, sir—they are not even original either; for what are your Simon Reynards and Grey Pankins, but Jonathan Wilds, dressed out for a new play, moralizing, and spouting, and ranting, and gibbering new speeches, yet disinterring the old ones, and murdering, and robbery, acting and thinking, living and dying the exact old villains after all! Can't the fellow—let us say—give us a picture of real life? What the demon do we want with a dozen novels, whose heroes are all made up from the same recipe of actualing here and—sinister expression!—there—fiery eye,' and every one and then a foreboding glance,' or 'an angry stamp of the foot,' thrown in —as if the writer kept such terms on hand, and sprinkled his dish with them as he would with pepper out of a pepper box Jersey ham—glorious too, sn't it my boys? But enough—I'm sick of the very name of Ainsworth—my evil which is run republished here—will please to, by 'to' indeed—and bawled about at a strolling's a number, to the utter confusion of native writers—and the public cause, and therefore ten times as worthy of being patronized. Kick the whole lumpin, Jem, out of the back-door.

"Here is 'The Husband Hater,' of the Sam Lover School, but without a tithe of his wit, and yet leaving what he has—the simplicity of impudence and coarseness. "Dennis Ignatius Moriarty"—and who the devon are you? If you bear any resemblance to that burlesque of a German Prince in your novel, you come up exactly—well—just to—to the notion I've formed of you by reading your romance. Come there—it's get into a drawing room. Master Dennis Ignatius Moriarty —for you 've put enough twaddle into your pages to rouse the ire even of—to the most amiable being about in the same day. Why pray is Dennis Coyne—who is Bryan—who is Malachi—who is Lagan—who are men I might name by scores, unfortunately—to be made the laughing stock in that way, the game, from which is to spring the real literature of America? Ah! I see you begin to appreciate the force of the observation now, Egad—and if we don't sweat some of those fellow's jackets, then may I never toss off another bumper of your claret, or puff away at that old meerschaum, which you gave me, and which is so lovely put—we'll shoot if you please when we get out of the woods.

"Here, sir, is another, a all that talent to us that now breaks forth only in fatal flashes, unless we bring it into continued play, by patronizing and encouraging it. And how can we do that? I mean of course, in those days, to devote his time to literature unless he is paid for it, and handsomely too? Men must eat and drink, and keep boots. Are they forgotten? Puke here our fingers

"Some thing in regard to Bulwer—who seems to be the only writer of fiction in England who has a decided love for the beautiful, which he—no wonder they try to starve the printers—no wonder they denounce, proscribe, and anathematize him and they are not to be the face. Egad, sir—if I was in the same category—I don't really know whether even my patriotism would stand the shock, or whether I would n't be found clothing—no wonder they try to starve the printers—no wonder they denounce, proscribe, and anathematize him and they are not to be the face. Egad, sir—if I was in the same category—I don't really know whether even my patriotism would stand the shock, or whether I would n't be found clothing the enemy in the field, and fighting for the cause of Britain, while they—the peaceful—would calmly stroking their shins in their cozy parlors. Yes, sir—it is the publishers who are the real enemies of this law. If it pauses, they are the encouragers and not the authors. For as English novel then coding as high here as in London, some but the very best will find a market, but the new continent soon of trashy reprints will decline, and then the department of their business, affording the richest profit, will be confinedly ruined. No wonder then they spare the act —no wonder they try to alarm